

THE Good Fellows Frolick, Or, Kent Street Clubb.

Good people all come mind my merry tale, It robs them of their money & their witts:
And you shall hear the vertue of good Ale, For he in time will surely money lack
Whose charming power some mens humors that minds his belly better than his back.
(hitts,

Tune of, Hey boys up go we, Seamans mournful bride, or the fair one let me in.



Here is a crew of jovial Blades
that lov'd the Put-brown Ale:
They in an Alehouse chanc'd to meet,
and told a merry Tale:

A bonny Seaman was the first,
but newly come to Town;
And swore that he his guys could best
with Ale that was so brown.

See how the jolly Carman he
doth the strong Liquor prize,
He so long in the Alehouse late
that he drank out his eyes:

And groping to get out of doo,
(Sort like) he tumbled down,
And there he like a mad-man swore
he lov'd the Ale so brown.

The nimble Weaver he came in,
and swore he'd have a little,
To drink good Ale it was no sin,
though 't made him paten his Whittle:
Quoth he, I am a Gentleman,
no lassy Countrey-Clown,
But yet I love with all my heart,
the Ale that is so brown.

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that lov'd the Put-brown Ale:
They in an Alehouse chanc'd to meet,
and told a merry Tale:

A bonny Seaman was the first,
but newly come to Town;
And swore that he his guys could boast
with Ale that was so brown.

See how the jolly Carman he
doth the strong Liquor prize,
He so long in the Alehouse late
that he drank out his eyes:

And groping to get out of doo,
(Sott like) he tumbled down,
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Then next the Black-Smith he came in,
and said 'twas mighty hot;
He sitting down did thus begin,
Fair maid bring me a pot:
Let it be of the very best,
that none exceeds in Town;
I tell you true and do not jest,
I love the Ale so brown.

The pick-purse Taylor he came in;
whose Tongue did run so nimble;
And said he would ingage for drink
his Bodkin and his Chimble:
For though with long thin Jawes I look,
I value not a crown,
So I can have my belly full
of Ale that is so brown.

The lusty Porter passing by
with Basket on his back,
He said that he was grievous dry,
and needs would pawn his Back:
His angry wife he did not fear,
he valued not her frown;
So he had that he lov'd so dear,
I mean the Ale so brown.

The next that came was one of them
was of the Gentle Craft;
And when that he was wet within
most heartily he laugh'd:
Caispin was ne'r so bon as he,
tho' some Kinn to a Crown;
And there he sat most merrily
with Ale that was so brown.

But at the last a Barber he
a mind had for to taste;
He called for a pint of drink,
and said he was in haste:
The drink so pleas'd, he carried there
till he had spent a crown;
'Twas all the money he could spare
for Ale that is so brown.

A Brown-man as he passed by
his mornings-draught did lack;
Because that he no money had
he pawn'd his shirt from's back:
And said that he without a shirt
would cry Brooms up and down;
But yet, quoth he, I'll merry be
with Ale that is so brown.

But when all these together met
oh what discourse was there!
'Twould make ones hair to stand an end
to hear how they did swear
One was a fool and puppy-dogg,
the other was a clown;
And there they sat and swallow'd their gags
with Ale that was so brown.

The Landlady they did abuse,
and call'd her nasty Whore;
Quoth she, do you your reckoning pay,
and get you out of door:
Of them she could no money get,
which caus'd her to frown;
But loath they were to leave behind
the Ale that was so brown.